

# THE DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Editors and Managers.

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TO TELEPHONE THE DEMOCRAT CALL NO. 180.

FRIDAY, MAY 12

TRADE COUNCIL OF AKRON

TALLMAGE.

The Junior League will give an ice cream social in the M.E. church Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walters spent Sunday in Cuyahoga Falls with Mr. Edwards and wife.

Fred Treat of Cuyahoga Falls spent Sunday here with friends.

John Taylor of Barborton is spending a few days here with his aunt and uncle.

Rev. Scott preached in Munroe Falls Sunday evening. Mr. Baldwin filled his place.

Van Busker, wife and daughter of Geo. town expect to move here soon.

John Price of Cuyahoga Falls is spending a few days here with his mother.

The Epworth League had a surprise party for Perry Lambert Friday evening. One of the young men while escorting his girl to the party collided with another buggy and smashed it completely. The occupants escaped uninjured.

Wm. Weber of the Falls spent Sunday with relatives here.

A large crowd attended the closing exercises of the north east school Friday evening.

An entertainment will be given in town hall Friday evening by the Congregational choir.

Mrs. Olsen, who has been living in Akron, has moved back here to live.

Frank Overhalt and wife of Brimfield spent Sunday with Orta Werbenberger and wife.

You know that tired feeling is exceedingly disagreeable. What is far better, you may know, by a fair trial, that Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cures it.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

\$1.50 to Wheeling and Return Sunday, May 14th.

Leave Howard st. 8:00 a.m., East Akron 8:30 a.m.

MAPLE VALLEY.

The peach crop in this vicinity promises to be "out of sight." Very few blossoms have made their appearance, and many trees are reported killed.

J. C. Mong and lady spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Betz.

Miss Mildred Frederick visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frederick, this week.

Two large barges passed through this place last week. They were accompanied by several men of the kypsy type.

The Misses Anna and Minnie Rappanelli spent Sunday with friends in the Valley.

Mrs. D. O. Betz is spending the week with friends in Loyal Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Talcott of Akron, were the guests of Mrs. Moore, Sunday.

The severity of the winter does not seem to have affected the apples and cherries, as the trees are in full bloom.

School will close in this district on May 19th.

Grain-O Brings Relief

To the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee, the effects are just opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. Grain-O is a healthful, nourishing, and healthful food. It is not otherwise. 15c and 25c p.

SHERMAN.

Operator Cunningham sports the only rubber tire buggy in the vicinity.

John and Forest Swain were in Akron Sunday.

The church council of the Lutheran congregation met at Fred Swain on Sunday afternoon to elect a delegate to conference in June to be held near Wooster. Jackson Hall was elected delegate and Jere Harter, alternate.

W. A. Ault and sons of Wadsworth passed through town Sunday.

Aaron Baughman is rapidly growing weaker. Death is expected at any time.

The school board has re-employed Mr. Flickinger as teacher for the coming year. Mr. Flickinger has given excellent satisfaction as a teacher and all seem well pleased with the action of the board.

LOYAL OAK.

Chas. Harris is moving his dwelling house on a new foundation.

128 Don't Forget 128

## Akron Clothing Co.

At No. 128 South Howard st. is offering the best

Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing

At the lowest prices to be found in Akron

Special prices on Men's Fine Serge Suits for summer wear, elegant new style. We sell clothing at the lowest notch. Come in and we will convince you that nowhere can you buy clothing cheaper than at the

## Akron Clothing Co.

128 S. Howard st. 128

## The Gintz Upholstering Co.

RECOVERING PARLOR WORK, RENOVATING ALL KINDS OF MATTRESSES, AND REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Phone 605 178 S. Howard st.

Call us up by Phone and we will submit samples and give estimates.

## GEO. HAAS

GROCEER

127 N. Howard. Tel. 478

An Elegant Display of

## Trimmed Leghorn Hats

Is now being shown at

Miss Helen Griffin, Corner High and Exchange Streets.

## Paint your house

With the BEST PAINT MADE, manufactured by the Sherwin-Williams Co. Also Lead and Oils (standard brands.) Lawn Mowers, variety of styles. Window and door Screens, Poultry Netting and Garden Tools of all kinds.

Roofing and Spouting Promptly Attended to.

## HARTER & MILAR

Successor to Sorrick & Harter.

Cor. Howard and Market Street

MONKEY AND BOY.

They Were Equally Concerned in the Jail Delivery.

In the picturesque little town of Lawrenceburg, Ind., there used to be an old stone building that was used as a jail. It could tell many a strange story of the persons it deprived of liberty, but now, if it were wise, be silent concerning one incident that proved to be a joke on itself.

Among the boys of the town was a half witted lad who was particularly incorrigible, and whose constant companion was a little monkey, who attended him as faithfully as Mary's little lamb. One of his mental weaknesses was known to be a confusion of the ideas of mine and thine, and after one very considerable theft the local Sheriff Holmes found footprints of Jocko, the monkey, in regions from which the missing articles had disappeared, and so the boy was arrested. There was no law for imprisoning the monkey, so he was not "pinched." The boy was a model prisoner for several days, but was suddenly seized with a desire to have his monkey with him. So earnestly did he beg for this that the good natured jailer had Jocko brought to the cell. That night the lad, who was supposed to be without intelligence, began clawing out the mortar around one of the largest stones in the outer wall. He could not do much with his blunt fingers and weak nails, but the monkey immediately began imitating him. The log claws of the animal soon loosened up enough mortar to enable the boy to pull the stone out of the wall, and before morning both boy and monkey had disappeared.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Theatrical companies in Mexico have to pay a fine if they do not produce the pieces announced.

## From 25 to 40% REDUCTION

## Patent Medicines

—IN—

## J. C. DAY & CO.'S

NEW CUT RATE PATENT MEDICINE STORE

No. 210 West Market street, near the Bridge.

We are the Price Makers of Akron

## THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

In a handsome residence on the fashionable avenue of Chertion lies the only daughter of the owner, dying of consumption. The shades in the window are drawn and a softened light falls through a stained glass window on the couch of the invalid. The only walk she ever takes is from her bed to that couch, and a maid can be seen swinging in an alcove, the only life she enjoys is the society of the children of Chertion, rich and poor; all know and love her. They visit her on their way to and from school, they bring her roses—beautiful roses, in color and texture resembling the purity of her face. It was noon, and this daughter of the King had just sent away a box of clothing to an aid society in the city, in his name. The little silver cross gleamed brightly in the sunshine, the silver coverlet was tossed back, and she lay buried in the cushions, her eyes looking into space, as if to penetrate its mystery so soon to be revealed.

A sharp ring below partly roused her from her reveries; a maid came softly in and announced, "A little ragged boy, miss, all dirt and tatters."

"Never mind the dirt, Maggie, let me see him," Evellina said brightly. And in came the boy, she enough, too ignorant even to take off her ragged little hat, yet with admiration and respect for his bearing from every feature of his face.

"Well, little one," was the kindly greeting, "how did you find your way here?"

"I can't," he said shortly.

"Well, now that you have come, what are you going to do here?" she inquired.

"Look at me, lady," was the response.

"Look at me?" she echoed in amazement.

"That is what I come for," said the boy. "There's a girl on our block what you were like the angels our teacher talks about, and I wanted to come to see if you was like her. I've allers wanted to see them angels. And, lady, won't you please?"—the hut was off now and being twisted in his fingers as an outlet for his embarrassment—"won't you please to give me just one of them curls?"

"Oh, but I couldn't give you a curl," said Evellina, taken by surprise; then, fearful of wounding the feelings of her little champion, she thought a moment and said: "Suppose all the little boys on your block were to ask me for curls. Why, I shouldn't have any hair left. And you wouldn't think I looked like an angel if I were bald, would you? What is your name?"

"Tim—that's all—just Tim, and I guess you wouldn't look like an angel if I had no hair. Father Michael, he ha'n't no hair, and he don't look like an angel. He's good, though, he gives us boys pennies and tells us prayers to say, and that is good, ain't it?"

"Yes, Tim, that answered gravely; "he wouldn't do more than that. Feed soul and body together. Father or pastor, priest or chaplain—all—all do their good deeds 'in his name.'"

Not understanding her flight of thought, he broke in shyly: "We think angels have just such hands and face as yours. We think 'em awful pretty, lady. Let me touch 'em, will ye? Mine are dirty, but I can't get 'em off. I washed 'em, lady, 'fore I come."

"Touch them all you want to," said Evellina, smiling as she slid one little black, but clean, hand into his. "But," she continued, "while I cannot spare you a curl, I will give you something better—I will give you this," and she drew The King's Daughters' bookmark from her favorite book of poems. "There, take that, and get Father Michael to read you that beautiful poem. I think I must get you now, Tim, I am so tired. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes, lady," said Tim sympathetically. "In tired often. Then I lays down in a box and goes to sleep, and when I wakes I am off again all day."

"Well, Tim, I don't sleep in a box, but I think your tired and my tired are just the same to our King. Now, goodbye, little one. Maggie has a basket ready for you somewhere." Thus dismissed, the boy found his way out stumbling, his mind filled with his angel lady.

Dr. Marshall, the family friend as well as doctor, had learned that for this patient his most reliable prescription was his blue eyed baby daughter, Evellina.

"Getting stronger, Evellina" was his friendly greeting; a few moments later, as dropping Crystal's hand, he clasped her own.

"I think not, doctor," and Evellina gazed once more into that dim future that yet was so near her.

"I am afraid not either, my child," he said, graver than ever, and a little choking sob came in his throat, for this girl of 18, who had so much to live for, yet must leave all.

Just here, Crystal, playing with a big French doll kept for her use, interrupted with loud cries that "Dolly was all broke—the cord snapped."

Soothing her tenderly, Evellina repeated: "Yes, my sweetheart, dolly's cord snapped and she's all broke, and that is what will happen to me soon. Crystal, what will you do for Evellina when she is all broke?"

"Have her mended," promptly responded the child, her tears staid. "My papa will not let you be broke. He mends broken peoples, don't you, papa?" said Crystal anxiously, looking up into his face.

"When I can, Crystal," answered Dr. Marshall.

"But you can mend Evellina, can't you, doctor?" The title fell quaintly from the child's lips.

"I—I am afraid not," he said again. "I think only her King can do that."

"No, no, you can, papa. You always can. Her King is too far away to know she wants him—you mustn't leave it to him," rising on tiptoe in her anxiety to press the case.

"I think I must this time, Crystal. Now find your nurse, and you shall see Evellina soon again," and, glancing at the girl, he left her with the King.

It is Easter time, and elsewhere the bells are pealing out the joyful tidings of a completed sacrifice. Before the door of a mansion, once open to all joy, stands a hearse.

Over a casket that lies where the hammock used to swing stands the rector; near by Crystal and her father wait in silent sympathy, while at the foot of the casket mourns a mother left childless. The way down the stairs is taken up with her "children" with hands filled with flowers ready to strew her last passage, bridelike, to the grave.

On the coffin—it was her wish—no plate is fastened, only a silver cross engraved with "The King's Daughter."—Edna Kilmer in Silver Cross.

A Warning to Him.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Longfellow said that in this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Oh, I don't know! How about the bellows?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Fresh Scent.

Romans has given up his search for the man who blew up the Maine.

"What's he doing now?"

"Looking for the man who killed our sailors in Samoa."—Philadelphia North American.

## DO YOU EAT ?

It is no idle talk nor stereotyped advertising when we say our stock of Groceries is complete and reliable. We want to sell you your Berries, Vegetables, Canned Goods, Fruits, Nuts, and Fancy Groceries. Good goods, full weight, prompt delivery. Call or telephone us your next order.

Griesmer & Crumrine GROCERS

No. 218 East Market Street

TEL. No. 58

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NOW IS THE TIME—Get your Windows Boxes, Cases, and Baskets filled with choice and hearty flowers.

E. J. BOLANZ, Florist.

Cut Flower Store, 223 S. Main Street, Room Houses, S. Arlington St., Greenhouses, 206 Wooster Ave., Tel. 178.

## \$10,000.00 TO LOAN

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Wall & Hollinger

226 South Main st., Akron, O.

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Experts in Painless and Artistic Dentistry.

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Full set of teeth, \$6.00  
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The world to compete with us at, \$5.00  
Filling, per tooth, (with best cleaned) 50c  
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Office Hours 9 to 6  
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Grown and Overcoat now.

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THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

Guth Block, 134-136 S. Howard st.

## DRINK

## Burkhardt's

## Beer

## IT'S THE BEST BREWED

## The Stepmother.

"Oh, Dick," said Gertrude Moore, "father is married again. I received a note just a few minutes before you came, telling me about it. He said he should be home in a few days and wanted me to have everything done to make her home coming pleasant."

Dick looked grave—then replied, "Well, it will be only for a little time, but," cheerfully, "I will take you away right off, if you like."

Gertrude laughed. "Oh, I guess I can support her presence a few weeks, but isn't it dreadful—for a man to get married a second time?"

"Awful," he returned, with conviction. Then, after a second's pause: "I mean as a rule. Of course there are exceptional cases. That reminds me," he added, "you have heard me speak of my Aunt Marion?"

"The aunt who, you say, has redeemed the race of old maids in her estimation?" asked Gertrude.

"The same," he answered. "Well, mother wrote me some time ago that she was going to be married. I suppose I shall hear all about it tonight when I go home. You know," he continued, "a great many years ago Aunt Marion fell in love. She was boarding in the country at the time, and, although he reciprocated her affection, there came a time when her natural attachment when her earnest friend came to board at the same place. This young lady also was fascinated by the same gentleman and began to think how she could support her aunt in his estimation. She had recourse to strategy; told numerous falsehoods to both of them, and managed in a short space of time to provoke a quarrel between them."

"Aunt Marion was very proud and sensitive, sought no explanation from her whimsical admirer, trusted her friend and lost her lover."

"In a year or two she heard of their marriage, which opened her eyes a little and caused the girlish friendship to be broken off. Two years ago she received a letter from this woman, who, it seems, was dying, confessing the whole truth. She also left an explanation of her conduct, which he found when she was dead. After awhile Aunt Marion accepted to the widower's repeated entreaties to be allowed to call—and in a few months they were engaged. I guess your prospective uncle made the other woman a good husband, but he did not really love her, for his wife wrote that he had never forgotten his first love, and only married her in gratitude for the sympathy and tenderness she showed when telling how my aunt had deceived him. I think," continued Richard, "that I would never have made known the truth if I had been in her place. But I suppose the voice of conscience gets very loud in the presence of death. It was a tardy repentance, though."

"Dick, what is your aunt's name?" asked Gertrude abruptly.

"Why, the same as my mother's," he answered, somewhat astonished at the question. "Moore—Marion Moore. Pretty name, isn't it?" he added. "Too pretty to change, I think. Why, Gertrude, what is the matter?"

For the girl had grown deathly white and did not seem to hear the last remark.

"Nothing," she said at last, making an effort to recover her self-possession, "only your aunt is my stepmother."

"What!" ejaculated Richard. "Aunt Marion your stepmother. It cannot be—and yet—I never knew her lover's name, never heard it. Is that her name, Gertrude? Are you sure?"

Here is the letter; you can read for yourself," she answered faintly. He saw there was no mistake and wondered how in the world he could recall his wife's name.

"I am sorry, Gertrude," he said at last. "Of course you know I never would have told you I dreamed of such a thing. I dare say I exaggerated. I never heard Aunt Marion say anything about it. All my information came from her sisters, who did not like you—her friend. Just forget about it, Gertrude."

Gertrude was weeping as if her heart would break, but as he finished speaking she banded him her ring without looking up.

"What is that for?" asked Richard again. "I did not mean to hurt you, surely, you are not going to punish me like that, when I offended so unintentionally."

"No," sobbed Gertrude. "It isn't that; only I shouldn't think you would want to marry the daughter of such a mother."

Richard laughed as he took the ring and placed it on Gertrude's finger again.

"What a silly child you are!" he said fondly. "It wouldn't make any difference to me if every relative you had was in the penitentiary. You would not be responsible for their sins. Besides, I suppose your mother thought she had every right to try and win your father. He was not engaged to my aunt, you know, and they say all is fair in love and war. So think no more about it—and we will never mention it again."

Gertrude never did mention it again, but she thought about it many times, and when Mr. Foster brought his wife home he found everything arranged to his liking.

He had said to her, "The boys will be all right, and if Gertrude does not treat you well, let me know."

"Never, James," replied Mrs. Foster, "for you might be tempted to tell her the history of the years that are gone, and children should reverence their mother's memory, which I doubt if she could do, knowing all."

But there was no trouble. Gertrude treated her stepmother with the utmost respect and courtesy and behaved in such a way that Mrs. Foster actually dreaded the girl's wedding day.

As she watched the carriage that contained her nephew and his bride drive down the maple avenue, now resplendent in its autumnal colorings, she sighed—then turned toward her husband, who was standing near. "I never thought to have loved Louise's child so well," she said.—Buffalo Times.

Speechless With Rage.

"Strong emotion," says Darwin, "interrupts the steady flow of nerve force to the muscles." This prevents the proper working of those muscles which are used in speaking; hence the stumbling and incoherence of the speech.

"The voice sticks in the throat," to use the words of Virgil. In some cases speech is for a short time impossible, as is seen where a person is said to be "speechless with rage." The hoarseness of the voice is due partly to the fact that passion causes an overaction of all the organs, partly by the fact that for generations harsh and fierce sounds have been made use of to terrify opponents in quarrels, and so have come to